

**1 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY**

**1**

TITLE: 10 Days Before Thanksgiving

Seated all the way in the back, in the last row of economy, are MOIRA and JOHNNY Rose. Moira has the window, Johnny the aisle and the seat between them is blocked off. Johnny has on a COTTON FACE MASK, while Moira wears a full on GAS MASK and DISPOSABLE GLOVES. She appears to be in a deep sleep, resting on a NECK PILLOW.

MOIRA  
(deep, Darth Vader-like  
breathing)

CHILD (9), curious and wearing a SURGICAL MASK, stares wide-eyed at Moira from across the aisle. Johnny takes notice and nudges Moira awake.

JOHNNY  
Moria, honey, wake up. You're  
scaring the children.

MOIRA  
Six feet, disgruntled pelican!  
(then)  
Oh, John. Have we arrived yet?

JOHNNY  
We're a few hours out.

MOIRA  
Remind me, what's on our itinerary?

JOHNNY  
Once we get to town, we'll head  
straight to the motel to self-  
quarantine. Stevie already has our  
room key set aside and waiting. If  
all goes to plan after the ten days  
are up, we'll go to David and  
Patrick's for Thanksgiving. I hear  
Patrick has quite the feast planned.

MOIRA  
Tell me John, what are we going to  
do locked away in a motel room for  
ten days?

JOHNNY  
It's only ten days, Moira, we'll  
manage. And, I have some exciting

renovations to show you. We've given the room a full face lift! I've asked the kids to stop by on our last day to show them. It's really something! The flooring is-

MOIRA

That's great, sweetheart.

JOHNNY

All the rooms should be finished by early Spring... that is if Roland quits taking cinnamon bun breaks every hour.

MOIRA

Cinnamon bun breaks?

JOHNNY

Because occupancy is down due to the pandemic, most - if not all - of our daily cinnamon bun delivery goes straight down Roland's gizzard.

MOIRA

Well why don't you just cancel the delivery?

JOHNNY

I've tried. Stevie's tried. Ivan's quarantine hobby is testing out different flavors in his cinnamon bun recipe. The residents at the Rosebud - i.e. Roland - are his taste testers. He's been sending them over, free of charge, for months.

MOIRA

Well isn't that lovely of him.

(beat)

You know what's odd, John? I haven't had but one fan encounter since we left the house.

JOHNNY

I can't imagine why, dear.

CUT TO:

**2 EXT. ROSE APOTHECARY - DAY - TO ESTABLISH**

**2**

TITLE: 1 Day Before Thanksgiving

The SIGN on the front door reads, "OPEN FOR CURBSIDE PICKUP ONLY. NO EXCEPTIONS!"

CUT TO:

**3 INT. ROSE APOTHECARY - DAY**

**3**

Alone in the store, DAVID is pacing around the register area while on his CELL PHONE.

DAVID

What do you mean you're not coming to Thanksgiving? Patrick has been cooking for days!

CUT TO:

**4 EXT. BUS STATION - DAY**

**4**

ALEXIS, looking fabulous as always, appears out of place at the deserted, rundown bus station. She's wearing a COLORFUL, COTTON FACE MASK lowered under her chin as she talks into her CELL PHONE.

ALEXIS

David, I didn't say I'm not coming to Thanksgiving. I'm just going to be a little later than expected. My ride broke down and I had to find *other* arrangements.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION BETWEEN DAVID and ALEXIS

DAVID

Other arrangements? What does that mean?!

ALEXIS

Calm down, David. This is nothing like that time I was stranded off the coast of Bali after Mark Ruffalo's yacht broke down and Indonesian pirates offered us a ride. But ended up taking us captive instead.

DAVID

Again, what are these other arrangements?

ALEXIS

I'm taking the bus.

DAVID

Oh my god!

ALEXIS

David, I'll be fine. I'm wearing my mask, I have enough hand sanitizer to sterilize five rest stop bathrooms and plus, I literally just got a rapid test. I'm negative.

DAVID

You better be negative after you get off that *bus* and see me- I mean the family!

ALEXIS

Fine. I'll get another rapid test in Elmdale before I come over.

DAVID

Yeh, do that. Oh, and dad wants us to stop by the motel before dinner. Something about a surprise?

We hear a KNOCK on the front door. A female CUSTOMER (mid 20's), bundled up but not wearing a mask, waves in at David.

DAVID

That's my last curbside pickup of the day. See you tomorrow.

CUT TO:

**5 EXT. ROSE APOTHECARY - DAY**

**5**

MASKED and bundled from the cold, David comes out the front door holding a ROSE APOTHECARY BAG. The customer is standing on the sidewalk less than six feet away, much to David's dismay.

DAVID

Hello.

Rather than handing the BAG to his customer, David keeps his distance, gently places it on the ground between them and immediately backs away.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Thank you so much.

The customer goes for the BAG, which makes David awkwardly scamper backward to maintain six feet.

CUSTOMER

I'm so glad you guys are still open.  
You have the best candles.

While the customer talks to David, they rummage through their BAG, take out a SOY CANDLE and give it a long sniff.

CUSTOMER

Mmmm, it's like an orgasm for your  
nose.

At this point the customer is standing right in front of the store door, blocking David's only exit. He has no choice but to small talk until they leave.

DAVID

We appreciate your business,  
especially in these unprecedented  
times. Happy Thanksgiving.

Still rummaging, the customer takes out a MINI HAND SANITIZER.

CUSTOMER

Of course! Ooo, what's this?

DAVID

Complimentary hand sanitizer. It's a  
pandemic special. Comes with every  
order. Happy Thanksgiving.

CUSTOMER

Oh, wow! You know, that's a really  
good idea.

DAVID

We thought so. Happy Thanks-

CUSTOMER

Ah-chooo!

Out of no where the customer sneezes directly into their free hand. Mortified, but trying to maintain a sense of professionalism, David's eyes grow wide.

DAVID

Bless. You.

The customer squeezes some HAND SANITIZER into their hands and rubs them together.

CUSTOMER

Well, this came in handy, didn't it?  
Thanks again. Happy Thanksgiving!

Finally, the customer goes on their way, leaving David still mortified on the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

**6 INT. ROSE APOTHECARY - BATHROOM SINK - DAY**

**6**

Hunched over the sink, David vigorously scrubs his hands.

DAVID

A, B, C, D, E, F, G...

CUT TO:

**7 INT. ROSEBUD MOTEL - OFFICE - DAY**

**7**

STEVIE, wearing a COTTON FACE MASK, is behind the front desk with her feet up on the counter reading a BOOK. ROLAND, who looks like he gained a few pounds since we saw him last, is sitting on the couch across from her in front of a PINK BOX OF CINNAMON BUNS, stuffing his face. His SURGICAL MASK is lowered under his chin.

The OFFICE PHONE RINGS a few times.

Neither of them move to answer it.

ROLAND

(mouth full of cinnamon  
bun)

Aren't you gonna answer that?

Stevie doesn't look up from her BOOK.

The PHONE continues to RING throughout their conversation.

STEVIE

It's your turn.

ROLAND

Um, answering phones isn't a part of  
my job description.

Stevie still doesn't look up from her BOOK.

STEVIE

Neither is gorging yourself on  
cinnamon buns. They're supposed to

be for the guests.

Roland wipes some stray cinnamon sugar from the corner of his mouth and puts his MASK back in place. He glances at the invisible watch on his bare wrist.

ROLAND

Well, would you look at the time.  
These renovations won't *reno*  
themselves.

(talking to a cinnamon  
bun)

I'll be back for you in a hour.

Roland gets up off the couch and leaves the office.  
Reluctantly, Stevie puts down her BOOK, lowers her MASK and  
picks up the PHONE.

STEVIE

Hello Mrs. Rose.

CUT TO:

**8 INT. ROSEBUD MOTEL - MOIRA AND JOHNNY'S ROOM - DAY**

**8**

The room, although renovated since we last saw it, is a disheveled mess. You can tell Johnny and Moira have been quarantining there for the past ten days. The GARBAGE CAN is overflowing with old TAKEOUT CONTAINERS. The kitchenette is covered with what one can only assume is FLOUR and discarded BOXES OF BANANA BREAD MIX. There's a YOGA MAT and mismatched FREE WEIGHTS in the corner. The SHEETS have been tie dyed. There's a life-size PYRAMID OF TOILET PAPER flanking the bathroom door.

With the ROOM PHONE to her ear, Moira sits on the edge of the queen-size bed. Johnny is in the background doing a JIGSAW PUZZLE on the table.

MOIRA

There you are Stevie. I was worried  
you'd run off and forgotten about  
us.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION BETWEEN STEVIE AND MOIRA

STEVIE

I could never for get you, Mrs.  
Rose.

MOIRA

Well, good because I have our daily  
list of provisions. Is your pen

poised?

STEVIE

Oh, I have it right here.

Stevie places the RECEIVER on the desk, picks up her BOOK and continues reading.

CUT TO:

**9 INT. DAVID AND PATRICK'S KITCHEN - MORNING**

**9**

TITLE: Thanksgiving Day

The kitchen is covered with UNCOOKED INGREDIENTS strewn about the counters ready to be made into a delicious Thanksgiving meal. There's a few SIDE DISHES already prepared off to the side.

PATRICK, wearing an adorable APRON and looking like he hasn't gotten a wink of sleep, stands over an UNCOOKED TURKEY. He's seasoning it with his bare hands when David walks into the kitchen.

DAVID

Look at you, my little Bobby Flay. I just wanna fa-lay you right down-

Hyper focused, Patrick continues seasoning without looking up at David.

PATRICK

Can we skip the fa-lay jokes, I'm on a tight schedule.

DAVID

Good morning to you too. Did you get any sleep last night?

PATRICK

I got a solid hour and a half.

DAVID

Okay, stop. You've been prepping this meal for days. It's not worth it if it interferes with your daily skincare routine. And those dark circles are proving my point.

Patrick stops seasoning and looks at David.

PATRICK



This is our first time hosting Thanksgiving as a married couple, David. I just want everything to be perfect.

DAVID

There's no such thing as 'perfect' this year, it's 2020.

PATRICK

This is the one thing I can control this year. And I'm gonna make it perfect. Even if it kills my skincare regimen.

DAVID

Okay. But it's your face's funeral.

Patrick moves away from the turkey and reaches out to David's face to bring him in for a kiss. Before he makes contact, David stops him.

DAVID

I know you're not thinking about touching *this* face with *those* turkey hands.

Patrick smiles, puts his hands behind his back and kisses David.

DAVID

So, are you ready to swing by the motel? Dad wants to show us all something.

PATRICK

Let me just put Fernando here in the oven. We have to be back in three hours to take him out.

Patrick carefully puts the TURKEY in the oven.

DAVID

You named the turkey Fernando?

PATRICK

Yes, I did.

DAVID

We've got to get you out of this kitchen. You've gotten too close to that bird.

David puts his hands on Patrick's shoulders and leads him out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. ROSEBUD MOTEL - JOHNNY AND MOIRA'S ROOM - MORNING 10

As David and Patrick get out of their CAR, Moira and Johnny come out of their room all bundled up from the cold. Everyone is mask-less and awkwardly stand more than six feet apart, not sure if they should get any closer.

JOHNNY

They're here! Oh boys, happy Thanksgiving!

DAVID

Happy Thanksgiving! How are you both feeling?

MOIRA

Despite being sequestered in a motel room for the last ten days, we're doing just fine. How are you two?

PATRICK

We're great!

MOIRA

Are you sure? You don't look so good, Patrick.

Patrick gives David a look.

DAVID

We're both fine, trust me.

JOHNNY

Well, what are you doing all the way over there then? Get over here and give your old man a hug.

The awkward hello is over as Johnny and David go in for a hug. Patrick and Moria embrace too.

JOHNNY

Where's Alexis?

DAVID

On her way. She's getting another rapid test in Elmdale first.

(beat)

Can we go inside? It's freezing out here.

JOHNNY

No, let's wait for Alexis. I want to show you all together.

DAVID

Seriously?

MOIRA

Really John, it's bitter out here.

JOHNNY

I'm sure she won't be long. We've worked so hard on these renovations and I want to see the look on both your faces when you see what we've done to our old home.

DAVID

If she doesn't get here within the next five minutes, I can assure you my face will be angry with frostbite.

PATRICK

While we wait, Moria, what's the latest on the reboot of Sunrise Bay?

David shoots Patrick a "Why are you on his side?" look.

MOIRA

There's not much to tell really. Production was halted earlier this year and isn't due to pickup again till after the holidays... Potentially, that is.

JOHNNY

But, honey, tell them what else you've been working on.

MOIRA

Oh, yes. I'm on Cameo!

David and Patrick give each other a confused look.

DAVID

Cameo?

MOIRA

Yes, David it's a site where celebrities send personalized video

messages to common folk.

JOHNNY  
I'm her camera operator.

PATRICK  
What kind of video messages?

DAVID  
Tell me it's nothing like OnlyFans.

MOIRA  
Oh, I haven't heard of that one.  
Maybe I should be on there too?

DAVID  
No!

PATRICK  
You don't want to do that.

LATER

Everyone is sitting silent on CHAIRS outside the room, looking frozen and annoyed. Alexis still hasn't shown up yet. Patrick glances at his WATCH.

PATRICK  
(whispering to David)  
It's been over an hour. I'm getting worried we won't be back in time for Fernando.

DAVID  
Okay, that's it. I'm going inside.

David gets up and opens the motel room door.

MOIRA  
David!

JOHNNY  
Don't David!

CUT TO:

**11 INT. ROSEBUD MOTEL - MOIRA AND JOHNNY'S ROOM - AFTERNOON 11**

David enters the room, followed by Johnny, Moira and Patrick. He surveys the space, looking at the new layout.

DAVID

This is it? This is what you made us wait over an hour outside in the freezing cold to see?!

PATRICK

What David means to say, Mr. Rose, is that it's incredible. Are the floors hardwood?

JOHNNY

Thank you for noticing, Patrick. They're actually a laminate meant to look like hardwood. Much more practical and cost-effective.

Suddenly, Alexis enters the motel room. She removes her mask as she looks around the space.

ALEXIS

Happy Thanksgiving! Oh wow, Dad these renovations look great. Is that hardwood flooring? Fancy!

JOHNNY

Alexis!

MOIRA

How did your rapid test go? Do you have the plague?

Alexis takes off her COAT.

ALEXIS

Would I be here with my mask off if I did? No Mother, I'm negative.

Johnny, Moira and Patrick give her a hug.

DAVID

About time.

ALEXIS

Stop, David! I told you I was going to be late.

DAVID

You owe me a facial. I had to wait over an hour outside in the freezing cold for you. My skin is so dry.

ALEXIS

What are you talking about? You're the one who made me get another

rapid test, thus making me even later than I already am.

DAVID

Thus-

David's CELL PHONE RINGS.

He takes it out of his pocket and points at Alexis.

DAVID

This isn't over.

David answers the PHONE and walks to the corner of the room.

DAVID

Hello.

(long pause)

Excuse me, what?

(pause)

Oh my god. Oh my god!

The family looks over at David, concerned.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Well, what am I supposed to do now?

(long pause)

But I'm here with my whole family.

(long pause)

Okay.

David hangs up the PHONE and puts it back in his pocket. He looks over at the family, all of whom are staring back at him in anticipation for what he's about to say.

DAVID

I've been exposed to someone who tested positive for COVID-19.

ALEXIS

Oh my god!

PATRICK

Oh, David.

Moira runs to the opposite end of the room, grabs her GAS MASK and frantically puts it on.

MOIRA

David, you need to leave right now. Get out of my room!

JOHNNY

Moira, honey, please.

DAVID

That's real nice. Well, joke's on you because if I have anything, I would have exposed you all by now.

JOHNNY

This isn't a joking matter, son.

PATRICK

David, what did they say exactly?

DAVID

I don't know. Me and anyone I've been exposed to in the past 48 hours have to self quarantine. And then get tested in the next few days just to be sure.

Everyone falls silent, processing the information. Moira takes off her GAS MASK.

JOHNNY

Okay, this doesn't necessarily affect our immediate plans. We were all planning on staying the weekend at your place anyway. Why don't we head over there now, have a nice Thanksgiving dinner and after the weekend's over, all get tested?

MOIRA

No. No one is leaving this motel room.

PATRICK

But Fernando's in the oven and it's almost time for him to come out! We have to go-

MOIRA

No one is leaving this motel room, I say!

ALEXIS

(to Patrick)

Did you just say there's a *person* in your oven?

DAVID

He named the turkey.

MOIRA

We cannot leave and risk exposing our pathogens to unsuspecting

passerby. It's as good as murder!

JOHNNY

Hey now, no one is murdering anybody. Don't you think you're being a little overdramatic, dear?

MOIRA

No John, I'm completely levelheaded.

PATRICK

But what about Fernando? He's going to burn the house down if we don't leave. And I still have to-

MOIRA

Enough about Francisco!

DAVID

Fernando.

MOIRA

I'm sure Stevie can scamper over and take it out.

Moira goes over to the MOTEL ROOM PHONE and picks up the receiver.

CUT TO:

**12 INT. ROSEBUD MOTEL - OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON**

**12**

Stevie is sitting behind the desk, reading the same BOOK she was yesterday. Her MASK is sitting on the desk next to her.

The OFFICE PHONE RINGS.

Stevie looks at the PHONE, but hesitates to answer. She gets up and goes to the office window to take a peek outside. She sees David and Patrick's lone CAR in the parking lot and goes back to the desk.

STEVIE

She's your problem now, David.

She picks her BOOK back up and begins reading as the phone continues to RING.

CUT TO:

**13 INT. ROSEBUD MOTEL - MOIRA AND JOHNNY'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 13**



Moira sits on the bed with the PHONE to her ear, while Patrick stands nearby waiting with bated breath. Johnny and Alexis are on the couch. David is pacing near the kitchenette.

Moira puts down the PHONE.

MOIRA

No answer. Shall we ring Jocelyn next?

PATRICK

Yes, good idea.

Patrick sits down next to Moira as she dials Jocelyn's number.

CUT TO:

**14 INT. JOCELYN AND ROLAND'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON**

**14**

JOCELYN's in the kitchen holding the PHONE up to her ear with her shoulder while in the middle of mashing POTATOES. She's got on a BEDAZZLED APRON. There's also a SMALL MOUNTAIN OF BREAD LOAFs off to her side on the counter.

JOCELYN

Oh Moira, Happy Thanksgiving! Are you enjoying your time back in town?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION BETWEEN MOIRA AND JOCELYN

MOIRA

Happy Thanksgiving to you too. Not quite. Could you be a dear and sashay over to David and Patrick's to remove the turkey from the oven? David's infected us all with "you know what" and we can't leave our motel room.

David gives Moira an annoyed glance.

JOCELYN

Oh my goodness, I'm so sorry to hear that! Are you all okay?

Patrick has his ear right next to the phone at this point listening in on the conversation.

MOIRA

Yes, we're fine.

PATRICK  
(yelling into the phone)  
But Fernando won't be if you don't  
get over there soon!

Moira holds her hand over the RECEIVER, gives Patrick a look  
and scoots away from him.

JOCELYN  
Was that Patrick? Hi! Okay sure,  
I'll head over there in a jiffy and  
drop it off at the motel. See you in  
two shakes of a turkey leg!

MOIRA  
Wonderful, see you soon!

Moira puts down the PHONE.

MOIRA  
(to the room)  
Problem solved.

JOHNNY  
Excellent!

ALEXIS  
One of them, anyway.

Alexis gives David a look. David sneers at her.

PATRICK  
I hope Fernando isn't burnt.

MOIRA  
If he is, blame it on David.

David throws up his hands in exasperation.

CUT TO:

**15 INT. ROSEBUD MOTEL - MOIRA AND JOHNNY'S ROOM - EVENING**

**15**

Patrick is pacing by the door and biting his nails.

PATRICK  
This is taking much longer than two  
shakes of a turkey leg. She should  
be here by now. Do you think there's  
a problem with Fernando?

DAVID

Can we please stop referring to our turkey as if it was a human being?

ALEXIS

I think it's kinda cute.

David shoots Alexis a look.

We hear a KNOCK on the window and see Jocelyn clad in a BEDAZZLED MASK waving from outside. The family gathers round the window as she shouts through the glass so they can all hear her.

JOCELYN

Hi Rose's! So, bad news about your turkey. It was burnt to a crisp by the time I got there.

PATRICK

I'm sorry, Fernando.

JOCELYN

But don't worry, I called in some reinforcements.

Jocelyn disappears from the window and TWYLA's MASKED face pops into view.

ALEXIS

Oh my god, is that Twy?

TWYLA

Happy Thanksgiving Rose's! Jocelyn told us all what happened and we couldn't let you spend the holiday without a nice, home-cooked meal. So, compliments of Twyla's Cafe Tropical, here's a brand new turkey.

Twyla holds up a TAKEOUT BAG.

JOHNNY

Oh, Twyla, thank you so much.

Patrick still looks heartbroken over losing Fernando. David notices and rubs his back.

DAVID

(to Patrick)

If it'll make you feel better, I'll let you name this one too.

Patrick gives David a smile and puts his arm around his waist.

MOIRA

Twyla, what did you mean when you said, "Jocelyn told us *all*?"

Suddenly, RONNIE'S MASKED face pops into the window, replacing Twyla's. She's holding a CASSEROLE DISH.

DAVID

Ronnie?

RONNIE

I had an extra sweet potato casserole lying around. But this is not for you David, it's for Patrick and everyone else.

BOB'S MASKED face pops up next, replacing Ronnie. He's holding a LARGE PLASTIC CONTAINER.

BOB

I brought yams! They're Gwen's recipe.

A MASKED RAY with a TIN-FOIL COVERED BOWL appears at the window, replacing Tom.

RAY

How are you doing Rose's? I made you my famous green bean casserole! It's a family recipe handed down from generation to generation. Enjoy!

Ray pops out and a MASK-clad Stevie appears in the window holding a CAN OF CRANBERRY SAUCE.

STEVIE

I'm so sorry I missed your call earlier. I-I was in the bathroom.

DAVID

Likely story.

STEVIE

I brought you some canned cranberry sauce. It's better than the homemade stuff anyway.

Stevie disappears and is replaced by a MASK wearing Roland holding a CASSEROLE DISH.

ROLAND

I didn't make this. It's the stuffing from your kitchen. You

should have seen that turkey! Man,  
it was smoking like-

Jocelyn scoots Roland out of the window. She's holding a  
BASKET stacked with loaves upon LOAVES OF BREAD.

JOCELYN

I also wanted to give you some of my  
homemade sourdough. I've got a  
mountain of it back at the house.  
Bread baking has been one of my *many*  
quarantine hobbies.

MOIRA

You're all too kind. Thank you for  
saving us in our hour of need.

JOHNNY

Yes, thank you all!

JOCELYN

Wait, no one brought dessert. Gosh  
darn it, I'm so sorry!

IVAN (O.S.)

(Eastern European accent)

I bake dessert.

IVAN appears in the window wearing a MASK and holding a BIG  
PINK BOX OF CINNAMON BUNS.

JOHNNY

Ivan! Thank you. I've been craving  
one of your cinnamon buns.

IVAN

These have chocolate and cherry  
flavor.

ROLAND (O.S.)

I don't think I've tried that kind.

From the window, we can see Roland take the BOX out of Ivan's  
hands.

ROLAND

You don't mind if I take these off  
your hands, do ya Johnny? You've got  
enough food out here.

Roland doesn't wait for an answer and walks off with the BOX  
OF CINNAMON BUNS. We can see Jocelyn through the window  
yelling after him.

JOCELYN

Rolie, give those back. You don't  
need any more cinnamon buns!

FADE TO BLACK.

AS CREDITS ROLL WE PLAY A FEW OF MOIRA'S CAMEO VIDEO MESSAGES  
TO HER FANS.

FADE IN:

**16 INT. MOIRA'S HOME IN CALIFORNIA - DAY 16**

All we can see are Moira's mouth and chin in frame. She's way  
too close to the camera.

MOIRA

Happy, happy birthday Rosalita from  
Ann Arbor, Michigan. This is Moira  
Rose, from Sunrise Bay, wishing you  
another joyous and jubilant year of  
life.

(to herself)

How do you stop recording? John!  
John! How do you shut this-

FADE TO:

**17 INT. MOIRA'S HOME IN CALIFORNIA - DAY 17**

Moira is sitting on a couch in front of a window. She's  
backlit, so we only see a foreboding dark figure.

MOIRA

Hello Mimi! Your granddaughters,  
Jessica and Shelby, pooled their  
weekly allowance to buy you this  
very special get well video, from  
yours truly, Moira Rose. Poor dear,  
I hope your hip heals up soon.  
Wishing you a speedy recovery!

(long pause)

John is it off?

FADE TO:

**18 EXT. MOIRA'S HOME IN CALIFORNIA - DAY 18**

Moira is standing in front of a tall hedge in the backyard.  
She's warming up her vocal cords, but doesn't realize the

video has started.

MOIRA

Eeeeeee. Ooooooooo. Aaaaaaah. Eh-hem!  
Are you ready John?

JOHNNY

Ready and... action!

FADE TO BLACK.